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WATER, BIRD AND STAR

—THIRD EDITION—

ABELLA GREENE



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RIVER, BIRD AND STAR

(THIRD EDITION)

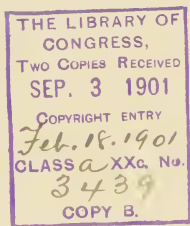
BY

AELLA GREENE,

AUTHOR OF

"IDYLS OF FREEDOM," AND OTHER POEMS.

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BEYOND

I.

“WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE
THEIR COUNTRY.”

ABOVE the grandeur of the sunsets
Which delight this early clime,
And the splendors of the dawns
Breaking o'er the hills of time
Is the richness of the radiance
Of the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done!

Speech cannot describe their heaven
Nor hath earth such brightness known;
For that heaven is the country
Of the Mighty and His Throne!
Man's brief furlongs cannot bound it,
Nor his reason comprehend;
God alone counts all its headlands,
And like Him it hath no end!

Power almighty flows forever
Round the wondrous land above,
In its flood and ebbing constant
To the everlasting love;
Chanting with the matchless cadence
Of a deep and boundless sea,
To the continent of heaven,
Anthems of eternity!

Heard on earth that mighty hymning,
Which, if chanted near, were dread,
Softening through the distance
downward,
Calms to equipoise instead,
And ennobles with the courage
That sublimity inspires,
That defeat does not dishearten,
That disaster only fires.

There is music of the angels
Drifting downward through the sky,
Songs that give the faithful toilers
Prelude of their joys on high—

Bursts of grandeur mellowing hither
Until finer far than words
And the sweetest of the carols
Of the gladdest of the birds.

Heavenly splendors were oppressive,
Breaking full upon the sight;
Viewed afar, their rays inspirit
With the excellence of might,
With the valor that is patient
In the trials of this life,
With the patience that is valiant
And triumphant in the strife.

Though afar beyond the orbit
Of remotest sun and star,
Clear as light and free as ether
The celestial splendors are—
Glories cheering saints with visions
Of the land to which they go
And inspiring them with courage
For the journey here below.

And the songs of heaven, though distant,
Guide and quicken heroes here
Till on earth they gain the graces
Welcome in a higher sphere,
Till ennobled into fitness
For the things divinely fair,
They ascend from earthly struggles
To the consummations there!

Glorious songs and scenes of heaven!
Matchless wonders of the skies!
Giving even here an earnest
Of the far sublimities
That illume and thrill the ages
Of the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done!

And on high the Spirit giveth
Strength to hear the music there
And the sight to gaze on grandeur
That no mortal eyes would dare—

Even vision for the brightness
Of the splendors of the clime
With the fullness of the glory
Of eternity sublime!

Thus endowed and there forever
Free from artifice of earth,
The inhabitants of heaven,
In its things of real worth,
Read the wisdom of the Father
From whose all-creating hand
Are the beauties, and the glories,
And the people of that land!

There they rightly read the visions
Of the ancient seers that tell
Of the wonderful possessions
Where the glorified shall dwell,
Of a better heaven than cities
Though of gold and jasper made,
Of a soul-delighting country
Blessed with hillside, brook and shade.

There, magnificent with forests,
Is that country of the skies,
Far excelling in its birdsongs
All the earthly minstrelsies.
And that country hath its mountains
And is resonant with streams
That are sweeter in their music
Than the rivers of our dreams!

Blooms of finest form and lustre,
Fragrant on the eternal hills,
With their odors bless the zephyrs,
That, harmonious with the rills,
Sing to give the angels pleasure
And to welcome, there on high,
The immortals from their struggles
To the glories of the sky!

And those glories shall the problem
Of this earthly life explain,
All the bitter turn to sweetness,
All the losses turn to gain.

And the rapture of the new life
Far exceeds the griefs of this,
And amid those scenes of splendor
Even labor shall be bliss.

Unto more than mere entrancements
Are the seasons yonder given;
With the zest and joy of doing
Thrill and glow the years of heaven.
Heaven a country where the faithful
When the work of life is done,
Come to find in other labor
Life and joy have just begun.

There is heaven in grand endeavor;
Even here it bringeth joy.
O! the ecstasy of action
And the bliss of high employ
Where the powers are all untrammelled
And the soul can breathe the air
Of the country of the spirit—
O the joy of action there!

There, however great the longing,
Still the heaven shall be more!
Longs the soul for wide exploring?
There'll be vastness to explore!
Is there wish for sweetest music?
There'll be harmonies on high
Far beyond imagination
Of the people of the sky!

With the wish and eye for beauty
Shall be rarest tints to see,
Grouped in combinations painted
Only in eternity,
Where the limners live to study
And for centuries have given
Their ambitions to be perfect
In the tracery of heaven!

Are there temples in that country?
They were builded on a plan
That is simpler and is grander
Than was ever drawn by man.

Nay, those temples were not builded,
But they came to form and size
As developed other features
Of the country of the skies.

And the singers in those temples
Hymning praises to their King
Fill the science of the numbers
Of the anthems that they sing
With the potencies that make it
Both inspiriting and strong,
With the fervors that transform it
From a science into song!

There's the grandeur of the ages
In the anthems that are sung,
Yet the sweetness of a country
Whose inhabitants are young—
People breathing the elixir
That to buoyancy inspires,
Wakens hope and heartens courage
And to deeds of daring fires—

Young because their land is varied,
 Young from vigor of the air,
 And because of joy's contagion
 Pouring ceaseless everywhere!
 Young and glad because of mountains!
 'Tis in levels where we die—
 Health is oftenest where the hills are,
 In the earth and in the sky.

Over all the undulations
 Of the lovely land of youth,
 O'er the hills and through the valleys
 Of the country of the truth,
 Floats the music of the singers
 Of the temples of the sky,
 In ascription of their tribute
 To the Majesty on high!

And, augmenting as it journeys,
 It commingles as it fares
 With the cadence of the numbers
 Of the chanting of the airs,

Which, around that country coursing
In the joyousness of love,
Give the ecstasy comporting
With the dignity above.

Blends the music of the temples
In its journey through the land
With the song of birds and rivers
Chanting joy on every hand,
Joy whose rhythmic flow shall never
Through the ceaseless aeons cease!
Song whose grandeur and whose
sweetness
Shall forevermore increase!

For such measures mortals have not
Name or definition found,
Nor hath science yet discovered
The analysis or bound.
O! how tame all earthly hymning
Even when but hint is given
Of the marvels of the music
Of the minstrelsy of heaven!

Land wherein maturest wisdom
Glows with zest and joy of youth
For the colors and proportions
And the music of the truth—
There the soul is ever growing
In capacity for sight,
And intensifies the vision
Of the children of the light.

Land where art attains perfection,
Yet is true to nature's reign,
Evermore of nature's wonders
Chanting praises in her train!
Best of nature's wide dominion,
Glorious land beyond the sun!
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done!

Yet, a higher theme than heaven!
For the One of matchless worth,
For the Savior of the sorrowing
And the sinful of the earth,

With His mission here completed,
Evermore abides above,
Far outshining all the splendors
Of the country of His love.

To that country and its glories
Come the faithful through His care,
There to study and discover
Ever brightening glories there.
In that country of the Blessed
Giveth He the work to do
That shall keep the spirit growing
And the charm of heaven new.

And His name throughout the ages,
As the aeons circle by,
To the trend and to the cadence
Of their own eternity,
Shall be theme and inspiration
In the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done.

“MORNING GILDS THE OTHER
SIDE.”

CONSTANT over death's dark river
Shine the lustrous stars of love ;
And, to cheer the good man, hover
Angels missioned from above.
Faith reveals to him the glories
Of a land beyond the tide ;
Though there's darkness on the river,
Morning gilds the other side.

Angels call him, and no demons
Come to taunt with evil done,
Or, insatiate in their hatred,
Paint a heaven he might have won.
Fearful still to ford the waters—
Seem the dark waves mountain high!
For, whatever visions promise,
Yet to die is still to die!

Dreaded journey! None escape it!
All must go, and go one way,
Sometime go, and soon that sometime—
None prevent it, none delay!
And to each how dread those billows,
Though they have been tried before;
Chill and turbulent the torrent,
And as far the other shore!

Cheerless journey! through a river
Where no morning ever shone!
And the pilgrim that way faring
Goes at midnight, goes alone!
Fares he at the break of morning,
Seems it in a starless night;
Goes he in the gladsome summer,
Seems it in November's blight.

Other torrents he has forded
In his travel hitherto,
Streams so deep, and swift and wrathful
Only brave men venture through.

Wild beasts haunting plains he traversed
Tested oft the pilgrim's might;
Met he oft and foiled banditti
Who had plotted sorry plight.

Rugged steps his courage clambered,
Deserts knew his blistered feet,
Found he thornfield, flint and quicksand,
Adverse winds and biting sleet.
Yet there were some things to cheer him;
Birds enheartened with their song;
And, enlivened by their music,
Buoyant was his step and strong.

In the constant stars believing,
And in Him who made them bright,
Found the farer dreamless slumber
Through the sweetness of the night.
Birds awakened him at morning,
Leading still the good man's way;
And oases of the barren
Gave their brightness to the day.

Yet the pilgrim had his journey
Through a robber-haunted land,
Dread with tigers, torn with torrents—
Wild, and bleak and thorny strand!
Now he nears the final river,
Airs grow dense, and damp, and chill;
Birds once vanguard here turn backward,
He must onward, onward still!

On he fares—and why his calmness
As the shadows round him close?
Why invincible his courage
To the waters that oppose?
There's a hope that sings within him
Of a land beyond the tide—
Though there's darkness on the river,
Morning gilds the other side!

Morn of brightness! morn of gladness!
Morn of full revealing why
All the hardness of the journey
To the country of the sky!

Land of morning, sweetened, brightened,
Land of morning grown to noon,
Land of springtime grown to summer—
Land of everlasting June!

Mountains welcome home the good man,
Rivers give him greeting there,
And the trees of life invite him
To abundant fruitage fair.
And beyond the opening glories
Other, grander, summits rise,
Heights that hint yet broader vastness,
Drinking joy of lovelier skies.

Here on earth the roses wither,
But they ever bloom above;
And forever there the lilies
Breathe the sweetness of their love!
In the forest aisles of heaven
Birds, and brooks, and zephyrs sing
Of the beauty and the grandeur
Of the country of the King!

And his angels there rejoicing
So attune their hearts to song
That the hills and valleys vibrate
With the tide that thrills along.
And the music of the numbers
Of the minstrelsy on high
Shall intensify and sweeten
Through the ages of the sky!

And from some bright summit yonder
Where eternal splendors glow,
Shall the good man view the region
Of his struggles here below?
O! the retrospect entrancing
That awaits the glorified,
Where, beyond death's darkened river,
Morning gilds the other side!

Through the chill and mirk of midnight,
Through the darkness and alone,
Fares a pilgrim toward a river
Where no morning ever shone!

Yet he looks beyond the shadows
Where the radiant heights of heaven
Shine with earnest of the glory
That the faithful shall be given.

At the river's marge he listens,
And upon the other shore
Voices chant of those gone thither
Whom he knew on earth before.
Wafted o'er the waves by zephyrs,
Fragrant from celestial bowers,
Seems the very music perfumed
With the sweets of heavenly flowers.

Constant over death's dark river
Shine the lustrous stars of love,
And to cheer the good man hover
Angels missioned from above!
Fares he onward and emerges
From the darkness and the tide,
Where beyond the shadowy river,
Morning gilds the other side!

THE COUNTRY OF THE GOOD.

O YE pilgrims through this province
To the kingdom of the Lord,
Fear not, though there is a river
That your way-worn feet must ford.
O ye pilgrims, dare those waters!
Journey bravely through the flood,
For the trial of that fording
Is the last one for the good!

Onward, pilgrims, though before you
Flows the chilling tide of death;
For beyond it is the country
Of eternal bloom and breath!
Fear not, pilgrims, onward bravely,
Onward through the icy flood,
For beyond that final fording
Is the country of the good!

And the Mighty will be with you,
To uphold you with His arm :
And no wave shall overwhelm you,
Nor shall evil spirits harm.
And the angels will be waiting
To receive you from the flood
To the bliss of heavenly morning
In the country of the good !

There are youth and growth in heaven,
Youth grown wise and age grown
young ;
There the crowns rewarding crosses,
There the sweet from bitter wrung ;
There companionship of spirits,
There the bliss of solitude ;
O ! the joy of even thinking
Of the country of the good !

And the joys of heaven shall heighten
All the shining ages through ;
Friends to friends will there be loyal,
Souls to souls will there be true ;

For, O bliss beyond description !
Souls by souls are understood,
In the land beyond the fording,
In the country of the good.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

THERE'S no sun to cheer the valley
Where death's chilling waters flow ;
And of coast and clime beyond it
Those on this side do not know.

Birds sing not above those waters ;
There mysterious ravens chant,
Giving neither name nor inkling
Of the land beyond their haunt.

Nothing grows by that cold river ;
And grew lily there or thorn,
Would it hint of what is yonder—
Boon or ban, or mirk or morn?

Yet must all go through that darkness,
 Lighted by no cheering beam,
Through the waters and the shadows
 That o'erhang the chilling stream.

For no bridge o'erspans that river,
 Nor can mortals sail the wave ;
Nor can science guide the farer,
 Or enhearten to be brave ;

Nor can reason give the pilgrim
 Boatman, compass or a barque ;
Yet by faith he gains the daring
 For the torrent and the dark.

Faith inspirits him with visions
 Of the heaven of his quest,
Of the land beyond the shadows,
 Of the country of the blest.

And right onward to that heaven,
 Onward through the chilling stream,
Gladly, calmly, fares the pilgrim,
 Couraged by faith's cheering beam,

Onward to eternal splendors,
Where majestic mountains rise
In the radiance of the sunshine
Of the country of the skies.

FORECASTING.

O THOU who bravely up the path
Which frequent thorn of trouble
hath,
Steadfast did try,
If upward still thy courage climb,
Thy patience shall attain in time
The summit of the height sublime,
From which thine eye,

Unhindered by dense airs that blow
To cloud morass of doubt below,
Shall see fair ground

Beyond the waters flowing cold,
A country which doth richness hold
Excelling that the men of old
At Eshcol found.

Some time in exultation spent
Shall intervene ere thy descent,
At beck of sprite,
Whose barge shall bear thee o'er the tide
To land thy vision hath espied—
Nor shall thou always there abide,
Nor wish thou might.

For, far from false and with the true,
Thy youth renewed and vision new,
Thou soon shalt be,
To learn from features of that shore
That they but prophesy of more
And bid thine enterprise explore
With ecstasy

New continents, and seas, and isles,
Whereon such radiant solstice smiles,
 To cheer thy gaze
That thou shalt think the brightest beams,
The former gave, but faded gleams
Of sunshine of forgotten dreams
 Of other days!

That land attained, thy study there
Shalt thee for further quest prepare,
 That shall allure;
And faring on, what thou shalt find
Thy broadened and still growing mind
Shall solve, assimilate and bind,
 And make secure.

And it shall rare nutrition be,
And spur, and stimulant, for thee,
 To aid thy will,
That shall increase with thy desire.
To this new good thou may'st aspire
And may'st attain, to find yet higher,
 To beckon still!

Inspiring faith! that paints the scene—
A heaven of hills and valleys green,
 With songsters bright
That sing responses to the call
Of mellow murmuring waterfall;
And blue, benignant over all,
 A sky of light,

Whose language is not only peace,
But that which teaches an increase
 Of all that's heaven,
In such gradations evermore
As thou shalt inward from that shore
The country of the blest explore,
 With blessing given.

And, scanning copse and forest belt
That through the years of heaven have felt
 The zephyrs' joy
That sweeps the flower-scented plains
Of that good land whose bliss explains
Thine earthly lot, thou'lt hear the strains
 The birds employ,

And songs the airs and rivers sing,
To make the elysian valleys ring
 The ages through.
And angels of the loftiest lyre,
In joy that thou should'st thus aspire,
Shall wake the strings to noblest fire
 They ever knew.

O! grandeur of the land that lies
Away somewhere beyond the skies!
 Beyond earth's dream—
How far beyond the visible
Imagination cannot tell,
Howe'er intensely it may dwell
 Upon the theme!

Thou shalt have sail for broadest seas
And time to solve all mysteries
 Thy search hath spied.
Whatever thine ambition be,
Thou shalt no limitation see;
Thy time is all eternity,
 Thy scope as wide!

A HEAVEN.

WHEREVER bloom the happy isles
In lasting verdure drest,
Whereon perpetual morning smiles
High welcome to the blest,

No gilded barques bear any there ;
Nor, borne o'er summer seas,
Do any find the orchards fair
Of the Hesperides.

Wherever the elysium is,
In what good land afar,
And gained by what high ministries
Of what benignant star,

It is not reached along the way
Where sirens charm the sea ;
But seek, the warning angels say,
Through Christ of Calvary,

The kingdom of conditions high,
Where quality hath rate,
Where fitness, and not heraldry,
Gives entrance through the gate.

For what man is, not where he is,
His heaven is, or hell;
His heaven the heavenly qualities
That prompt his doing well.

His heaven that high ennoblement
That gives to whom 'tis given,
The blessing of a heart content
To win his way to heaven.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

THOU selfish one who seekest heaven
Through fear of final fire,
And never had for heaven itself
The first sincere desire,

Supreme unselfishness alone
Can for the skies prepare,
And he alone may hope for heaven
Who loveth what is there.

Thou asking God to grant the boon
Thou hast not tried to win,
Beseeching His forgiving grace
Yet never hating sin,

And ever whining for the heaven
Where only brave souls are—
Wherever in the realms of space
Revolves that happy star,

The object of the good man's hope
And goal of all his quest,
Bright sphere of life, and growth, and joy,
And work that giveth rest—

That place of earth is nearest heaven
Where the unselfish dwell,
And where there is but selfishness
There needs no other hell!

And thou who deemest 'tis decreed
By mandate of thy God,
That thou be favored in His sight
And spared the fateful rod,

Which thou dost think is wholly right
For those despised by thee,
And therefore doomed by Him to wrath
To all eternity,—

It was a fratricide declared
His brother not his care;
And he alone is sure of heaven
Who leads another there!

Go thou, like Christ, and try to save
Another than thyself;
For hoarding up salvation is
As base as hoarding pelf!

And when like His, thy life shall bless
Thy suffering fellowmen,
Then thou, for heaven canst hope, thyself,
But art condemned till then!

INTERCESSION.

SAINTS in heaven are ever praying
For the souls that struggle here,
And the Father makes them answer
That He holds His children dear,
That He pities them and tempers
For them all their varied woes,
That for them His gracious spirit
Through creation flows,

Helping wearied ones to carry
That which burdeneth the heart
And inspiriting the nerveless
To enact the hero's part
And to gain, in fray appointed
Unto all to meet in life,
Wisdom, equipoise and prowess
Equal to the strife.

Saints in heaven are ever praying
For the souls on earth who sigh;
And to answer them the Father
Bids His swiftest angels fly
Unto earth to seek the saddened,
Not, perchance, to give relief,
But to strengthen them to conquer
Cruel fiends of grief.

Glad the angels earthward hasten!
Thrill the spiritless with might,
Till those timid at the outset
Put their furious foes to flight,
And enhearten so their comrades
Unto valor in the fray
That what seemed foredoomed disaster
Crowns with joy the day!

BURDEN BEARERS.

COURAGE! O ye burden bearers,
Faring upward to the skies!
By the very weights ye carry
To that country ye shall rise.
Fare ye bravely, burden bearers,
Fare ye bravely every day;
Angels of that better country,
Hither winging, guard the way,

From marauding spirits vexing
Pilgrims on the heavenward road;
And if burdens are too heavy,
Angels aid to bear the load,
And delight with their description
Of the land beyond the skies.
Courage! O ye burden bearers,
To that country ye shall rise!

YONDER.

THERE'LL be glad reunions yonder
Of those death has sundered here ;
There again the light of faces
That so many smiles endear !
And the well-remembered voices
That entranced the other days
Shall be sweet in reminiscence
Of the old familiar ways.

Voices have new charms in heaven,
But they still remain the same—
Sweeter, dearer, for transition
From the life from which they came,
Yet enchanting with the accents
That delighted days gone by
And gave promise, thus, aforetime,
Of their cadences on high.

Faces there shall be remembered
By the features known before,
More of spirit there revealing,
Radiant on the heavenly shore,
Yet the same familiar faces
By the earthly memories dear—
Faces known and loved up yonder
For the smiles they gave us here!

THERE.

THERE no more the disappointments
That dishearten mortals here;
There no more the chill of sorrow
Nor the haunting ghost of fear;
There, above the misereres
Of the years of dark and wrong,
All the beauty and the grandeur
Of the land of light and song!

Land where flowers are ever blooming
And the skies are ever bright,
With a noontide new as morning
And a day that has no night!
There, through all the years of heaven,
Birds, and airs and waters sing
Ceaseless songs of summer fullness,
With the sweetness of the spring.

There, and welcomed to the glories
Of the consummations there,
There how trivial seem the troubles
That are given here to bear.
There, and finding, when up yonder,
That from struggles here below
Came there growth and cometh longing
Still to labor and to grow.

There, with wish and power to study
The magnificence on high;
There, with vision for the wonders
Of the country of the sky!

There, to find from every effort
Power for nobler action springs;
There, to find the best things leading
Ever to still better things!

There, and welcomed by the Highest
To the wondrous land afar,
Where the most enchanting rivers
And the grandest mountains are!
There, above the misereres
Of the years of dark and wrong!
There, amid the matchless glories
Of the land of light and song!

PATRIOTIC

II.

MY NATIVE LAND.

GOD bless the land where I was born
And played a happy child,
Ere yet I saw a Southern swamp
Or roamed a Western wild,

And where, within the glens among
The Massachusetts hills,
My early being was attuned
By cadence of the rills.

O! could I be forgiven, did
My heart not turn to thee
With gratitude and pride, dear land,
For all thou art to me—

Thine atmosphere and scenery,
Thy present and thy past,
Thy people and thy freedom's wealth,
To last while time shall last?

And all along the coming years,
Where'er my pathway lies,
Whatever lot is meted out,
Or kind or cold my skies,

Still, evermore, my song, at home,
Or on a foreign strand,
'Through life and at the closing hour,
God bless my native land!

And if the powers above shall grant
The boon of heavenly rest,
'Twill sweeten even that to know
My native land is blessed.

THE FORTY-SECOND.

WHEN, erst the nation was besieged
By armed rebellious foemen,
And peace had fled, and skies were dark
With every direful omen ;
And Lincoln, from the capitol,
For aid so wishful beckoned,
Not least among the men to march
The Bay State's Forty-second !

Should Treason arm again her hosts
To fill the land with trouble,
Her deepest schemes of ill would prove
An evanescent bubble ;
For thinking of that thousand men
Would waken others like them,
To capture all the rebel guns
And evermore to spike them.

That those remaining of that band
 May have the smiles of heaven,
Hopes one who sends this offering
 In simple numbers given—
Hopes one who deems it pleasant fame
 That he is welcome reckoned
A member, in good standing, with
 The Bay State's Forty-Second.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

A Christian, comrade, son and friend
Is slumbering neath this sod;
His form is there, his name with us,
His spirit with his God.

Fit place it is for hero's grave,
Where mountain zephyrs play,
Where fair ones bring the choicest
flowers
And good men come to pray.

To designate his sepulchre
We raise this shaft, but trust
His deeds shall live when monuments
Are mouldered into dust.

THE SECOND.

NOW to the gallant Second let all
give honor due—
Our legion of the Bay State and of our
country, too,
As forward in their duty they go to fight
our wars,
And carry on to glory the standard of
the stars!

They go to teach the tyrants the banner
of the free
Means hatred of oppression and meaneth
victory!
The God of battles guide them and shield
them everywhere,
And watchful angels ever give their es-
pecial care,

Inspire them for the conflict and give
unerring aim,
And honor still their colors, their country
and their name.
Now three times three for leader and all
the gallant band,—
The Second of the Bay State,—our legion
of the land!

And once again salute them and ever
give them cheer
And teach the valiant legion the country
holds them dear!
And when the war is over may they re-
turn again,
Ennobled by the struggle—our good and
gallant men!

THE FLAG AT SANTIAGO.

THOU victor flag of flood and field
In freedom's grandest wars,
No freeman shall to tyrants yield
The banner of the stars.

Before thy folds shall despots quail,
Though long enthroned in might,
And bondmen freed thy splendors hail
With raptures of delight.

In equal or unequal fight,
Wherever freemen dare,
Thy presence shall inspire with might
And lead to triumph there!

Yet more than war thy meaning is,
Thy colors signify
The calm of the eternities,
The sweetness of the sky.

At home thy lustre evermore
 Shall brighten and increase,
Until shall shine to every shore
 Thy freedom, joy and peace—

Till everywhere thy radiance shines,
 To honor truth and worth,
Till faith unfettered builds her shrines
 In every land on earth.

Thus shalt thou greater glory yield,
 Bright banner of the stars,
Than trophies of the best fought field
 Of freedom's grandest wars!

“ABIDES THE TRUTH FOREVER.”

WHERE leads this thirst for
empire,
This longing for domain,
This grasp for all the islands
That all the seas contain?

Where greed led erst the Roman,
And Babylon the great,
And all the men of conquest—
Spare us, O God, their fate!

In dearth and desolation,
Where triumphed once their greed,
Their ruin so is written
That he who runs may read!

Yet came no blight nor scourging
By mandate of the skies,
Nor thundered wrathful heaven
At their atrocities.

Their fate was no infliction,
But grew from germs they sowed ;
They came to their disaster
By their own chosen road.

Victorious they, but vanquished
By what their sword had won ;
Their downfall but the sequence
Of deeds which they had done.

Abides the truth forever,
On every land and sea,
When greed impels to conquest
There's wreck in victory.

And while but vain the triumph
That selfishness may gain,
Content is always empire
And better than domain !

“COERCE TO CIVILIZE.”

O YE pretending unto peace,
While mad for gain ye tear the isles
Of foreign tribes with war till Greed
The curse of his approval smiles,

Against your course the stars protest,
Against your course, the heavenly blue,
The beauty of the blooms of earth,
And music of its rivers, too.

Yet for you plead the blooming flowers,
And for you plead the stars of heaven,
That while ye have no pity shown,
Your cruelties may be forgiven.

There's warning in the chanting winds,
The birds rebuke your selfishness;
Yet, with the waters and the stars,
They ask the skies your lives to bless.

All nature speaks against your course ;
 Yet pleading with the powers above,
 All nature asks upon your lives
 The blessings of the heavenly love,

And hopes that, through the potencies
 Of mercy's voice grown penitent,
 Ye may give o'er your greed and seek
 To bless the lands your wars have rent.

How vain that hope ! For, deaf to heaven
 And scorning all that nature pleads,
 Ye summon once again your hosts,
 And as the thirst for conquest leads,

Go bannered forth for selfish quest
 And tear the foreign isles again,
 Enacting scenes of wretchedness
 Abhorred of angels and of men !

Then to your temples ye resort,
 And there, dissembling to the skies,
 Ye ask the smiles of heaven upon
 The scourge of your atrocities !

In bold effrontery ye swear
Your cruelties are graciousness
And, all your enginery of hell
Divine contrivances to bless!

Ye name your armies arguments
In mercy sent of heaven to prove
That ye coerce to civilize,
And subjugate that ye may love!

Ye claim that squadrons sweeping lands
Of what their people treasure dear
Are heavenly heralds to proclaim
The dawn of the millennium near!

Ye men of blood, speaks not the past
Of fallen despots of the Eld,
Of monarchs by their might undone,
Who once a world in terror held!

But deeper-dyed your guilt than theirs
Who shook with war the other years
And poured throughout the ancient lands
A tide of carnage and of tears!

For unto crimes exceeding those
Of Herod and of Nero told
Ye add hypocrisies beyond
The shams of Pharisees of old!

To Heaven's command to build and bless
Responding with the wars that rend
The freedom-loving tribes whom ye
Should foster, strengthen and defend!

Baptizing cruelty sublime
And even naming cowards brave!
Professing love for freedom's cause,
Yet busy digging freedom's grave!

Unmindful of the voiceful past
And pathos of the pleading stars,
Will ye protract your cruelties
Till even the insatiate Mars,

From gazing on the carnage turns
To blush, and every friend decries
Your crimes and angels call to earth
Avenging armies of the skies!

Though waiting long, the gods at last
Shall come demanding blood for blood,
And from the burdened ages pour
Upon your track a wrathful flood,

To sweep your cities from the earth
And blast to barrenness their plains,
Until where once your grandeur ruled
The hush of desolation reigns!

God grant, O angel speaking,
That this be not the truth,
That yet the land prove loyal
To visions of her youth,

Repent her cruel warfare
And, making prompt amends,
Escape the dire disaster
To which aggression tends.

God grant, thou warning angel,
That yet, as in her youth,
The country hear and follow
Thy messages of truth.

And heed the voices speaking
From all the earth and skies,
From all the tints of nature
And all her harmonies,

Demanding that the nation
Give up the rule of might
And act in high devotion
To principles of right.

And thus the country faithful
To visions of her youth,
Shall have once more the glory
Of loyalty to truth.

VICTORS VANQUISHED.

I.

THE smaller the resistance
The greater is the sin
To war against the gentle;
And if those warring win,

The trophies of the victors
May prove at last their scourge,
The peans of their triumph
The wailing of their dirge!

Although but few defenders
Assemble to withstand
Ambition's army marching
To subjugate their land,

'Tis purchasing disaster
To war against the few—
There's always retribution
For what aggressors do.

II.

If no opposing angels
Appear to drive them back
And for a time they triumph,
Yet fates are on their track!

Some nemesis of vengeance
Their deeds shall overtake,
And furies of their plunder
Shall wretched havoc make.

Though countries they have conquered
Abound in golden mines,
While on the hills and valleys
Salubrious summer shines,

And suns and showers awaken
To verdure all the lands
Till plenty's harvests gladden
Even the desert sands,

Although balsamic forests
Their pungent odors shed,

And sing enchanting rivers
From tireless fountains fed,

Aggression's grasp shall wither
To sand the fertile plain,
Transform the gold to ashes
And make the balsams bane,

Confuse the rhythmic rivers
And quench the joyous tide
Till cease the birds to carol
That gladdened by their side!

III.

Though thousands crown the victors
And trumpet forth their fame,
Toiling to build them cities
And towers to bear their name,

While they and their decendants,
Empurpled through the years,
Shall wring from those subjected
The tyrant's drink of tears,

Impending doom awaits them,
A certainty of fate,
By tardiness intenser,
Augmenting if it wait.

Belated retribution
Increases by delay;
Delays the day of judgment?
More terrible the day!

IV.

Oppression long triumphant
Ordains a gorgeous feast
With all the sweets nectareous
And sumptuous viands drest,

Assembles all the harpers
That all the realm can boast
And decks the feast with diamonds
From near and distant coast.

The feasters laud their monarch
And name his race divine,

Predicting for the kingdom
Successors from his line.

Inflated by their praises,
His majesty defies
The enginery of heaven,
The squadrons of the skies!

Yet while his lords applaud him
And toss the boastful laugh,
A cup of wrath is filling
The gods will make him quaff.

There, ominous above them,
Remorseless on the wall,
Are fateful fingers writing
That tyranny must fall!

In balances of justice
Oppression has been weighed!
Threatens the sword of vengeance
Descends the thirsting blade!

V.

Full bannered hosts in waiting
Commissioned by the fates
Surround the festive city
And thunder through the gates,

Storm round the citadel
That guards the mighty town,
Capture the hoarded treasures,
And tear the structure down,

Burst through the sentries keeping
The palace of the king
Where courtiers speak his glory
And minstrels rapturous sing!

Swift onward and exultant
Through splendor's arches pour,
And change the tide of revel
To flood of human gore!

Wild pleads the king for mercy,
But pleading is in vain—

Proclaim succeeding ages,
That night the king was slain!

While weird winds gruesome murmur
Where once his temples rose,
And o'er their wasted ruins
Oblivion's shadows close!

VI.

Think not from ancient model
This type of tyrant cast;
The Neros are not numbered
Nor the Belshazzars passed!

Think not alone in Egypt,
Nor on the Chaldean plain,
Nor in the other countries
Where tyrants used to reign,

There was and is oppression:
But modern lands and times
Afford recurrent copies
Of old tyrannic crimes!

And mark ye well, aggressors,
The few are sometimes strong!
And when they go escutcheoned
Against the hosts of wrong,

The skies will give them triumph
Till shake their foes with fears
Inviting the derision
Of all the after years.

And if aggression conquers
The few who dare withstand
The armies greed dispatches
To subjugate their land,

The trophies of the victors
May prove a thorn and scourge,
The peans of their glory
The wailing of their dirge!

THEM FILLERPEANS.

D EWEY went a sailin' once
In waters far an' foreign,
And carried cannon on his fleet
Orl planted right fer warrin',
An' spyin' Spanyolds in their ships
Araoun' erbaout Manila,
He thort tew captur them by ways
Th'n death or meetin' stiller.

A-knowin' thet orl Spanish folks
At craftiness air pizen,
He sailed nigh tew them dons afore
Thay ware from slumber risin'.
An' them air fellers didn't dream
Whut trouble was a-brewin',
An' only faoun' aout, when 'twuz done,
What Dewey had been dewin'!

At once his tars began tew play
A tune thet shook ther oshun
An' raoused them Spanyolds from their
sleep
An' filled 'em with kummoshun.
An' 'twan't fer long upon them dons
Thet music was a-tellin'
Afore they struck their colors, corz
Thet song was so compellin'.

So Dewey took thet Spanish fleet
An' wuz completely victor,
A-dewin' orl the bizness up
Ez charmin' ez a pictur.
Then he an' Merritt took a taoun
An' ilun's nigh it lyin'
An' set aour flag a-floatin' whare
Another hed ben flyin'.

I rewl thet's good ez enny writ
Erbaout the art o' warrin',
An' hol's fer places nigh tew hum
An' kentries thet are foreign—

When thare air foes tew war erginst,
Don't give 'em enny warnin',
But dew 'em up ez Dewey did,
Afore the break o' mornin'!

Uv course, we folks air gwineter praise
The man thet werked the noshun
Uv takin' ships, an' taouns, an' forts,
An' islun's uv ther oshun;
But air thare not sum paourful risks
Aour nashun air a-runnin'
Becorz aour nimble sai'or man
At warrin' wuz so kunnin'?

Thet wuz a gallant feat o' hiz,
A proper smart proceedin':
It won fer us a elephant—
But ken we do ther feedin'?
An' is't aour misshun in the worl'
Tew go araoun' a-showin'
The annermuls, an' snaix an' sich
Thet other lan's air growin'?

An' if them islun's we ken keep
Still, is it best tew hol' 'em?
Espeshurly ez sum will say
Aour Dewey went an' stole 'em?
'Tware better far a-strengthenin' stakes
Araoun' aour hum persesshuns
Th'n takin' thet fer which, sum time,
We'll haveter make confesshuns.

An' 'tishn't things a nashun hez
Thet makes her less er greater;
But, fust, it's haou she got the truck,
An' then whut is their natur'.
When gunnin' 'tishn't orl the shots
Thet caounts, but shots thet's hittin'
An', nuther, is it that erlone,
But what's the burds they're gittin'?

An', then, ergin, it's wrong tew shute
The burds thet's good at singin',
An' roamin' raoun', sum gunners find
What's mighty peert at stingin'!

An' ain't them islun's an' their tribes
Hot honnets tew the claspin'?
An' ain't thare orlus stings tew thet
Which greediness air graspin'?

'Twar thus uv ol', an' naou 'tis trew—
The past an' present preachin'—
Air givin' warnin's orl the time
Thet's clear tew bimeby reachin',
A-tellin' thet thare's orlus good
Fer them in right ways keepin',
An' thet accordin's whut is sowed
Thare's tares er wheat fer reapin'!

But rises sum tew advercate
The misshunary noshun
Uv christianizin' tribes upon
Them islun's of ther oshun.
Jess let 'em prove their doctrine trew
By startin' fer Manila;
An' leastways give besides their tork
Their sanction by their siller!

In argerin' a pint 'tis strange
Haou pious sum folks dew be!
An' ain't thare work enuff fer them
In Portereek an' Kuby?
An' is this lan' so good thet they
Vamoose araoun' creashun
Tew hunt fer foreign tribes tew save
Frum hethen degrerdashun?

When in aour kentry blacks abaoun'
Whut never hearn much preachin',
When yellar tribes hev sought this lan'
Thet sorely need sum teachin',
When here the Injuns hardly fit
The misshunary noshun,
Why hunt fer other fields beyon'
The Asherattic oshun?

Ye know ye grabbed them Fillerpeans
Tew make yewer kentry bigger,
An' soester give yerselves a chance
Afore the worl' tew figger

Ez turnin' hither commerce thet
Should bring the kentry millions—
The while, uv course, it brort tew yew
Sum insurdentul billions!

So, fellers, own up straight an' trew
Thet ackshuns pruve yew're greedy,
An' don't preten' your objec' is
Befriendin' uv ther needy,
Nor tell erbaout ther islunds whare
Your prairs an' teers air given
Fer edderkatin' ignorance
An' fittin' souls fer heaven!

Instid, yew akt ez if yew thort
'Twar bony fidy certain
Thet paours erbuw kermisshun yew
Them hethen fer convertin'.
Yew keep ex-preachers traoun' tew poze
Ez if thay ware a-pleadin'
Fer chance tew teach them hethen tribes
In richussniss an' readin'!

Go corl them back from Ceylon's isle
An' Greenlun's icy mountains,
An' frum ther joy o' watchin' san's
In Africk's sunny fountains;
Go hasten them frum Injy's stran'
An' frum ther Ganges River,
Tew help yew grab them Fillerpeans
An' tew yewer paour deliver,

Them tribes whut have a right to rewl
Their islun's tew their wishin'
An' right tew drive yew fellers orf
Thet's fer them islun's fishin'!
Pretendin' just tew seek them tribes
Becorz you wanter bless 'em,
Still grabbin' uv their lan's thet yew
May selfishly persess 'em!

Thare air no vartewz but yew klaim
Attaches tew yewer misshun—
Religion, morrills, learnin', an'
Tew heven ther prime condishshun,

Admittin' yew tew kingdom kum
An' seats thet air the highest,
Tew plaíses waitin' thare fer yew
Thet's tew attrackshuns nighest.

Haou smart them preachers uv yourn
tork

Erbaout ther nobul corlin'
Uv savin' uv them hethen ones
Frum ferder still a-forlin',
In degrerdashun uv their sins
An' raouzin' them an' waikin'
Untew a proper sens until,
Their hethen waze forsaikin',

Thay rize tew shaout in praiziz high
An' giv their best hozanner
At sight uv thet ol' flag thet naou
Air sech a gospil banner
Thet former things air dun erway
An' glow uv bimeby's dawnin',
Foretellin' thet air kummin' on
Ther bright millenyul mornin'.

Ther daze ther prophits saw shell kum
With sech exceedin' glory
Ez far outshinez ther times fortelled
In their ecstatic story!
Them Fillerpeans shell blewm with
peace
An' threw their pleasant borderz
Shell plenty waiv in airz thet waft
Erway orl base disorderz.

Then Malay boys shell taik on kloze,
An' longin' fer sum skewlin',
Quit pitchin' quaitz with monkey lads
An' orl sech kind o' fewlin',
Devotin' time like little saintz
Tew masterin' their reederz,
Until thay're fit at last tew serve
Their kentry ez it's leaderz.

An' Malay chiefs, grown tew survanz,
Shell fin' their okkurpashun
Addressin' uv their fellow-men
In pollisht konversashun

On ethicks an' upon the artz
An' scientific knowlidge
Till flurrish on them hethen isles
The church, an' skewl, an' kollidge.

Amerikanz an' English tew
Shall thither go fer lernin',
Ther klassicks horls uv their own lan's
Fer better ones a-spurnin'.
An' blessin' uv them fewtewr daze,
Shall yewer idees be saounded
Frum temples in them islun's thet
Yew fellers thare have faounded.

They'll turn ther tide uv progriss back
Thet westwuds hez been rushin',
Till other leaderz haste tew yew
An' in konfushun blushin',
Proklam yew wunderz uv the earth
An' time's sublimest sages
Fer findin' in them Fillerpeans
Ther misshun uv ther ages!

Meanwhile yew feed the Yankee pride
By chantin' Dewey's glory,
Recountin' uv his gallant deeds
An' tellin' uv the story,
Erbaout the spots o' graoun' the tar
Acquired when he wuz sailin'
Eraoun' thet arkerpellergo,
Tew give them dons a whalin'.

They've ben sech tyrantz orl their daze,
Their subjec' peoples crushin'
A-dewin' it afore the worl'
Erthaout a thort o' blushin',
Thet thay desurve the bloze reseeved,
Their pride tew pieces dashin';
An' 'twuz a werk o' richussniss
Tew give them dons a thrashin'.

While wrong fer dons tew tyrannize,
Yewer rod air sech a blessin'
The tribes yew subjugait should kum
Their thanks tew yew confessin',

Approve at once the akt by which
Tew yew the Spanyol sells 'em
An' then like little boys obey
What Uncle Samuel tells 'em.

Yew hipperkritz, athirst fer paour,
Proklaim the starz ordainin'
Thet yew should hev them Fillerpeans
O'er which tew be a-reignin',
Thet yew should flaunt yewer purpul
thare,
Tew maik their people wonder
An' hev sum sojers sent frum here
Tew keep the hethen under—

So'st while thay're mournŭn' uv their sins
An' learnin' uv their letters,
Yew'll teach the saim tew hear and heed
The diktum uv their betters,
Ez well bekums the motly horde,
Thet on them isles air dwellerz,
Them nondeskript an' savage tribes,
The Fillerpean fellers!

But don't fergit they helped yewer war;
An' will yew turn ergin 'em?
Remember thet in aidin' yew
They've shown thare's bezum in 'em.
Thay may be hethen, but thay're not
A-feared uv thoze erbuv 'em;
Nor air thay orl the blewmin fewls
Tew 'spose yew fellers luv 'em!

Naou if yew'er whut yewer banner reads,
The foes uv orl oppressors,
Go drive them Spanyolds aout and let
The natives be perssensors,
Uv them air islun's whare they live
An' right tew which thay're given
By license uv ordainin' starz
An' 'portionment frum heven!

Sech klaims ez thet go ferder back
Than thet whut dons air tradin'
Erway tew yew, tew give yew right
Tew follow their invadin'!

Thay're robbers, an' yew know it, tew,
Yet, strong tew drive or stay 'em,
Yew promise them "'pon honor bright"
Fer whut they stole tew pay 'em!

Yew hipperkritz! frum vorltin' kum
Tew whare sum air abidin'
Who think thet yew hev long ernuff
In selfishness been stridin'.
Thoze saim don't think thet orlus orl
Air hethen, corz thay're foreign,
Nor think it best tew keep the spoils
Thet victors git a-warrin'.

Thay'll jine yew prazin' uv yewer tar
An' emphursize his glory,
An' yit thay think thare air tew sides
Most orlus tew a story,
An' think thare air sum paourful risks
Aaour nashun air a-runnin',
Tew keep the lan's the sailor took
When showin' orf his kunnin'!

OTHER POEMS

III.

INTUITIONS.

FOLLOW thine intuitions,
They always lead thee right;
In all of thine ambitions
Obey the inner light.

Whatever to thy vision
Seems duty, bravely do,
Albeit fierce derision
The doing leads thee through.

And when of ease Elysian
Appears alluring view,
Then quick to the monition
Thou hear'st within be true.

Intensify decision
To follow still the right;
Go onward to thy mission,
With vigilance and might.

Thus heeded, intuitions
Shall ever lead thee right—
To crowns for the ambitions
True to the inner light.

THE IDEAL.

REDUCE to fact your fancy,
Nor tarry till you do
Make real the ideal,
That God has given you.

Most real the ideal,
Least fact what most call fact;
And of ideal most real,
Ideal in an act.

DEPRIVAL.

THOUGH they aspire for good to
 come,
Still holds for them the truth,
Their choicest boon is gone who spurn
Ideals of their youth.

Though robins singing once for them
Have not their songs forgot,
They only sing of bliss that was,
To say that now 'tis not.

To souls thus saddened every bird
Is always singing wrong,
And out of tune is every voice
Of nature's wondrous song,

While zephyrs perfumed with the breath
Of lilies that they greet
But serve to tell embittered hearts
Of life that once was sweet.

'Tis true there are some souls that sing
In spite of wolfish grief,
And, drinking deeply of despairs,
Proclaim the glad belief

That there's no ill that man is given
But he can subjugate,
That he can gain by every loss
And conquer every fate.

And yet from glad and gruesome birds
And all the winds the truth
That ever after broken are
Ideals wrecked in youth.

VISION.

'TIS vision gives to life its charm;
Without it dies the soul;
O mortal, heed the vision given
And joy in its control.

Wherever bids the vision, go,
And promptly, gladly fare;
What place it bids thee enter not,—
Refrain from going there,

Though seems that place a garden sweet
And beautiful with flowers,
And frequented by visitants
From the celestial bowers.

There sirens they who angels seem
And like the angels sing;
And baneful there were breath and bloom
And minstrelsy of spring.

Where is no vision, perish all,
Though Ceres there should spread
Her affluent harvest round, to give
To man abundant bread;

While they who, heeding visions, go
Where seems a barren strand
Have found, instead, to cheer their sight,
A most delightful land,

Where thornless roses ever bloomed
And purpling clusters hung
Along alluvial vales wherein
Rejoicing rivers sung.

There robins caroled of the sweets
Ambrosial airs afford,
And larks were joyous o'er the wealth
From heaven's abundance poured,

While birds and bloom inspired the day
To charm the hours of night
So each successive morning broke
With finer splendors bright.

“FOR A LOVE SO PURE AND A
LOVE SO RARE.”

FOR a love so pure and a love so rare
That it must have come from heaven,
May the kindest smiles of the brightest
stars
And of cloudless skies be given—

And the sweetest breath of the loveliest
blooms,
And the best and rarest tune
That was ever by lark or robin poured
Through the joyousness of June.

A TRIBUTE.

THOU friend in that believing
Which unto me is dear,
Thy constancy of kindness
Brings consummation near.
L. of C.

Thou friend so quick to honor,
When others doubt and sneer,
For thee their hate forgiving,
For what thou art to me
I thank the Heavenly Father,
And pray His hand for thee
In guidance and upholding
Forevermore to be—
His blessing here, the earnest
Of heaven's felicity!

AT SCHOOL.

AFFLICTION is the school wherein
Gains character new power,
And excellence, by fighting sin,
Wins an abundant dower.

WARRING.

WHO wars for right, hope well
 befits;

To him the stars are true;
For him there's always Austerlitz,
And never Waterloo!

OUR FAITH IN MEN.

ENNObLING is our faith in men;
It lifts us from the dust,
And what we trust a man to be,
We make the man we trust.

BUDS UNFOLDING.

CHILD entranced o'er buds unfolding,
Thou art blossoming as well;
Child delighted with their beauty,
May their bloom thy future tell.

“MOST BEAUTIFUL RIVER.”

MOST beautiful river of all that have
sung
Since music aforetime in Eden was young,
Thy waters, though charming, have
cadence of grief,
And, chanting of trouble that finds no
relief,
Speak under the joy of the notes of the
song,
That somewhere the key-note of being is
wrong,
That somewhere far back in the course of
the flight
Of things which the First Cause designed
to go right,
Some tired of their orbit and went from
the way,
Persisting thenceforward still farther to
stray,

Till, stranded in wandering and dark
 with the gloom
 Of the wreck of the wayward, they shook
 with their doom!

Thou river that singest the joy of a clime
 Of Eden-like sweetness of earlier time,
 Thou river that singest the first bliss of
 man,
 That blessing was only precursor of ban!
 And driven from Eden and vagrant o'er
 earth,
 Man, sighing for solace and seeking for
 worth,
 Found little good fruitage, but vastness
 of dearth.
 Blight found he for wheat-fields, and
 crows for the corn;
 Found frost blasting roses but pointing
 the thorn;
 In all fields found nightshade, or thistles,
 or tares,

In all paths found pitfalls, or quicksand,
or snares,
Found fevers in cold airs and fevers in
heats,
Found poisons in acids and poisons in
sweets!
Found scarcely a gold grain, found little
but dross,
Found life full of struggle, disaster and
loss!

O, tell me, bright river, O, hear the com-
plaint
That tortures the ages and notes their
attaint,
That gives them no day-dawn, but deep-
ens their gloom,
O, tell me, bright river, the cause of the
doom!
What is it that burdens and worries in
spite

Of solace of song of the rivers that quite
Would antidote seem in their charm of
delight

For deepest and harshest and darkest of
ban

That fiends could invent for the torture
of man?

And singest thou, river, 'tis Sin that has
done

The mischief, the havoc, wrought under
the sun?

Then tell me, bright river, for rivers
must know

That sing of the unseen as onward they
flow,

O, tell me why Sin and its consequent
woe—

Why Sin after rightness and woe after
bliss?

O, why, after Eden, misfortune like
this,

That worries and saddens the men of the
earth

And burns out its best fields to deserts of
dearth?
Since blessing beforehand but deepens
the curse,
Since sweet before bitter makes bitter
the worse;
O, tell me, bright river, O, tell me, I
pray,
If night was to be, O, why was there day?
O, tell me, bright waters, if tell me ye
can,
O, why was there Eden as prelude to ban?

And sayest thou, river, that evil was
given
To teach earth, by contrast, the value of
heaven?
To warn man and spur him away from
the bad,
And teach him through sadness, the way
to be glad?

And if it was discipline meant by this
grief,
O, why not some angel to teach such
belief?
To sing unto earth that the thought in
all this
Was only to heighten the chances for
bliss?
That, covert in curses, hid blessings were
given
To aid in the quest and the climbing for
heaven?

And singest thou, river, of One who was
sent
To tell what this sadness and mystery
meant,
To lead man away from the cause of his
woes
And aid him to conquer the ills that
oppose?

The ban had so blinded that only in years
Could any be won from the cause of their
tears.

Yet why this repining, O river of song?
Wrong cannot be righted by naming it
wrong.

If problem it once was why man at the
first

Was kept from the reason why he had
been cursed,

At last by his troubles well visioned is
he;

Misfortune has schooled him until he can
see

The reason his day into darkness was
turned;

Disaster has disciplined till he has learned
That blessing is baneful unless it is
earned,

That bitter beforehand but sweetens the
cup,

When valiant the brave man drinks
 bitterness up,
 'That doubt when well mastered is loyal
 to hope,
 'That torture if conquered equips for
 emprise,
 And hell if subjected gives road to the
 skies!

Then carol, ye waters, as glad as ye can;
 O, sing of the Eden that was before ban,
 Ere man had been tempted to wander
 away
 Or night came at morning to darken his
 day;
 Ere thistles outgrew the best blossoms of
 earth
 And rich meads were turned into deserts
 of dearth!
 And sing, O ye waters, as glad as ye can,
 'That those who learn well in the school
 of this ban

Shall somewhere out yonder find Eden
for man,
With streams even sweeter than rivers
that sung
Entrancing that Eden where music was
young!

THE QUEST THAT FAILS.

O, LET the angel be at once obeyed
That comes of patience and of
rest to tell;
'Twas discontent that all the trouble made
When man in ancient days by sinning
fell.

Greed making haste goes by full many
things
Designed of greatness and of God to
teach,

Affrights the sweetest bird for man that
sings,

Dashes the cup but once within his
reach,

And sends him over desert wilds to stray

In quest of joy where dark birds grue-
some chant,

Or forth for gain impels him far away

O'er seas that whirlwinds and that
pirates haunt—

Impels him on till, watchful o'er his
track,

Some never-failing ministrant of
heaven

From wretched plight returns the farer
back

And prays the skies the wanderer be
forgiven.

But then what meagre boon he has, com-
pared

With that largesse, so beautiful, so
great,
Which would have been his own had he
but dared
To set at naught the restless fiend and
wait—

Forgiven, indeed, and freed from guilt,
but still
From wandering weak whose spirit
should be strong,
And unto woes and wailing wont until
Too sad to sing, who might have lived
a song!

So sad the soul may be that joy were
death,
So worn that scarce the care that angels
give,
That scarce from heavenly hills the
bravest breath,

Can wake the courage or the wish to
live!

O, let the angel be at once obeyed
That comes of patience and of rest to
tell,
Nor heedless cause again the trouble
made
Of old by those who discontented fell.

THE EVIDENCE.

THAT remains which blasted Eden,
That which God did not appoint;
When there's bitterness at sweetness,
There is something out of joint,—

Something wrong when greed or hatred
Snares and slaughters birds that sing,

Murders melody and beauty
For the pence their feathers bring!

Birds that cheered the ancient Garden
Have been up in heaven since then;
But it would delight the songsters
To return to earth again.

There amid the scenes of glory
They recall the joys below,
And they did not fly to heaven
Until man would have them go—

Birds that did not harshly chide him,
Though they knew his going wrong;
But the heart that's gone a-straying
Hears but discord in a song.

And, too meek for his ambition,
Birds of modest note and wing,
Birds that still had lovely plumage
And that dearly loved to sing,—

They were driven forth from Eden
And betook them to the skies,
Leaving man to seek his fortunes
And to find—his miseries!

Other birds to earth were given
That have cheered each hill and glen,
Till, to man in tune, their music
Would seem Eden back again.

But, at odds with heaven and wrathful
At the things that should delight,
Out of tune with them and charging
Unto heaven his wretched plight;

Out of tune with birds, and angered
At the joy the robins sing,—
Out of tune with them, yet greedy
For the pence their feathers bring—

In revenge he vents his venom
On the songsters of the earth,

Murders melody and beauty
For the dust their down is worth!

That remains which blasted Eden,
That which God did not appoint;
This destruction of the songsters
Proves there's something out of joint.

A SONG OF CHENANGO.

YE angels compounding the essences
meet
For flavors and tints for the dews and
the rains
To carry to earth that the flowers may be
sweet
And the grasses with verdure enliven
the plains,

Ye chemists celestial in charge of the air
And vintage and blooms of the gar-
dens of heaven,
Ye alchemists famous in heaven, declare
If sweeter the blossoms to which ye
have given

The study of ages and culture of years,
If choicer the blooms of the arbors on
high,
Than fragrance the vale of Chenango
that cheers—
If sweeter the breath of a rose of the
sky!

And finer than flavors perfuming its air
Are notes of the song that Chenango
is given—
Nor sweeter than cadence of minstrelsy
there

Is music of hymns of the singers of
heaven!

Bright valley! what wonder that angels
along
Thy hillsides fare joyous, to gaze on
the stream
Whose waters entrance with their sweet-
ness of song
And seem of the fountains of heaven
to gleam.

Or are ye, bright angels, who frequent
that vale
And linger so long and so lovingly
there,
As sentinels sent, whose watch shall not
fail
O'er the peace and the beauty of valley
so fair?

Nay, angels, why sentinel valley so
bright?

What need is that guards to Chenango
be given?

Do fiends ever menace the children of
light,

Or plan for marauding, some summer,
in heaven?

For goodness is ever its own sure de-
fence—

The beauty of goodness but seldom
needs care;

What fiend dares Chenango but vanishes
thence,

Evicted by light of the loveliness there?

Yet bolder than fiends are, some human
might plan,

Some champion of Use, to desecrate
here

The beauty so useful to humanize man
And venture of forests the country to
clear;

Might plunder the wild flowers until they
should die,
And plant all the landscape with sign-
boards of trade;
With wires, poles and placards insulting
the sky
And setting up marts in the cloisters
of shade.

So tarry, ye angels, to sentinel still
The loveliness blessing Chenango's
bright vale;
With vigilance guarding the valley until
The schemes of the spoilers forever
shall fail!

Ye heavens, inspirit the men of the
earth

With wish and with vision to study
and prize
The things that have substance, and
meaning, and worth,
The beautiful things of the earth and
the skies!

"O BEAUTIFUL VISION."

O BEAUTIFUL vision! that Har-
mony came,
And sang until Hatred and Anger grew
tame,
Forgetting forever their longing for
blood,
And learning of Gentleness how to be
good!
And Sloth was converted and longed for
employ,

While Envy and Slander forgot to annoy,
And toilers, contented and singing for
joy,
Were glad of the hardness they had to
endure,
That fitted for triumph and made it
secure!
And angels were constant from heaven
to earth
With garlands for Labor and jewels for
Worth.
Proud science, grown humble, endeav-
ored to learn
Mechanics from insects and music from
burn,
And artisans spurning their much boasted
skill,
Saw structure in cobwebs and might in a
rill!
Then Greed grew repentant and gave
up his pelf,
The warrior, learning to conquer him-
self,

Rejoiced in the thought that at last he
 was brave,
 And despots relented and ceased to en-
 slave;
 While all of the cruel, forsaking their
 trade,
 And honest in tears for the havoc they
 made,
 Sought only to better the world they had
 rent,
 And proved by right living their wish to
 repent.

Yet, angel of vision, no Harmony can,
 Nor any high excellence native with
 man,
 Ennoble mankind to the goodness like
 this
 That breathes in thy song of the splen-
 dors of bliss!
 Go heighten thy numbers and sing unto
 earth

The charm of His being, the glow of His
worth,
Whose sacrifice only can give unto men
The fact of the fancy entrancing thy
ken!

Thou wonderful One by the prophets
foretold,
Thou Christ of the sages and singers of
old,
O hasten the dawn of the time without
tears,
The blessed, the golden, the beautiful
years,
When Doubt shall be banished and all of
his fears,
When Love from his exile shall come to
his throne,
And Peace shall be regnant and warring
unknown;
When men shall thirst only for waters of
truth

And, drinking, discover the fountain of
 youth,
 And even those destined to sin from their
 birth
 Shall wake unto goodness and sing in the
 earth,
 Where deserts, rejoicing, shall blossom
 and yield
 Abundance to equal the long cultured
 field!
 O hasten, Thou Gracious, the time with-
 out tears,
 The blessed, the golden, the beautiful
 years,
 When every one gladly shall copy Thy
 worth
 And the splendors of bliss shall dawn on
 the earth!

THE HEAVENLY MUSIC.

THERE is some celestial music
That the heavens cannot hold,
And that, thrilling through the vastness
From angelic harps of gold,

Comes to earth to quell the discords
Of the troubled life below,
Comes evoking notes of gladness
From the dissonance of woe,

Comes to cheer and to enhearten
And to make the spirit strong,
And the souls that reverent listen
Are ennobled by the song.

For there's tenderness that strengthens
In the music from the skies;
And the gentleness of greatness
Animates its harmonies.

To the reverent speaks the music
Of the hymning from above
In the hope-inspiring accents
Of the voice of heavenly love.

Thrills that music with the message
That a golden dawning nears;
Which shall usher in the glory
Of the blessed thousand years!

With abundant harvests springing
From the wastes of desert dearth
And with peace among the nations
Of a brightened, bettered, earth!

Then shall all men reverent listen
To the anthem earth is given
Till, ennobled by the grandeur
Of the minstrelsy of heaven,

They shall comprehend the meaning
Of the music from the skies,
And aspire to live in keeping
With celestial harmonies.

MESSAGES OF THE WATERS.

I.

THY valleys how lovely, thy mountains how strong,
O Northland, how charming thy rivers of song!
No finer through storied lands singeth the tide
Of Tiber, or Danube, or Severn, or Clyde;
No brighter to Scotchmen the burns which they know
That sweet to Loch Katrine through heather bloom flow;
No gladder to Lomond whirl joyous away
The streamlets through dingles with hazel bloom gay,
Nor sweeter to Switzers sing brooks to Lucerne

Than waters whose music New England-
ers learn.

No sweeter the far wave than waters that
sing

Where Greylock of hilltops is grandly
the king,

Than whirl from Wahconah the waters
away,

That bright over gravel of gold and of
gray,

Through Dalton dales dimple, and spar-
kle and play,

Than brooks from Katahdin, than others
that flow

Where airs from Monadnock inspire
them to go—

Than sing the bright thousands of brook-
lets along

Entrancing the whole of New England
with song!

Or, if streamlet is sought of sorrow to
tell,

What brook is more plaintive in old
country dell
Than waters from Monument Mountain
that purl,
Lamenting the fate of the Indian girl
Who loved where she might not, and
thought she must die,
And plunged in despair from a precipice
high.
But sorrow chimes not with the note of
your voice,
O waters of Northland, that ever rejoice,
And even when warning that danger is
near
Intone the monitions to cadence of cheer.

Ye brooks of New England that carol
like this,
O warble forever to Northland your bliss!
And ye who admire them, O leave them
to run,

And wimple, and sparkle, and sing in
the sun,
Unchained to carved channels that dul-
lards have made,
In worship of Use and the tyrant of
Trade!
O leave them that faring unfettered
along,
They babble their beautiful blessing of
song!
But more than the music or glance of
the wave
O'er which every lover of beauty may
rave,
While men of each land of their home
rivers boast
O'er waters enchanting the foreigner's
coast,
'Tis the truth of their numbers that
giveth the worth
'To musical waters that gladden the earth.

Go, zephyrs of heaven, and fleet ye afar

By light of morn lustre and gleaming of
star,

And tell in the city, and desert, and dell.
To all who in cot or in palace may dwell,
Or tent on the plains, or anywhere live,
What calm and what rapture the river
songs give—

The strength for brave doing, the power
to endure,

The vision to see and the faith to secure
The blessings that nature delights to
confer

On those who in loyalty seek them of her.
And mortal, whatever the cadences be
Of rivulet, lake wave, or surge of the sea,
'Tis the spirit of God speaks through
them to thee.

Who often discovers that man is untrue,
May think that the waves will be false to
him, too.

Yet faithful forever the voice of the tide!

And, chant they to warn thee, or hearten,
or guide,
Believe in the waters—a brook never
lied!

Or purling as soft as the peace of the sky,
Or singing as grand as the harpers on
high,
It giveth forever the essence of truth
That solaces age and sanctifies youth,
And, warbled in valley or prattled in
glen,
Is simple as childhood yet equal to men—
Truth sweet as the roses that blossom in
heaven,
Truth hither for mortals to rivulets given,
And sung in the sun time and star time,
to give
High hint and good helping sublimely to
live!
What rashness of pride that ventures to
spurn,
What wisdom of reverence that listens to
learn,

The truth to be heard in the song of the
burn.
Sweet pleading with Power to be true
and be mild
As brook is, or bird is, or Christ, or a
child,
It telleth the way to the destinies grand
As fancy can paint or wish to command.
Whatever thy talent, what work doth
engage,
And living wherever, in whatever age,
And however many thy years on the
earth,
The rivulet's voice will still have its
worth.
And when shall appear the swift coming
day
When thou from this province must
journey away
To country, wherever that country may
be,
Reached over what mountain and over
what sea,

Where thou shalt find much that is
 strange unto thee,
How sweet, when departing, to look on
 the wave
That joy to the days of thine earthly life
 gave!
And O! what a rapture 'twill add to thy
 heaven,
If there, in that country, like music be
 given,
If there, to enchant thee, shall carol and
 gleam
The waters with sparkle and song like the
 stream
Enchanting the days of thy sojourning
 here
With song that is wisdom and song that
 is cheer!

Thy valleys how lovely, thy mountains
 how strong!

O Northland! how charming thy rivers
of song!
Bright waters, that winding from Wind-
sor away,
Swift purling o'er gravel of gold and of
gray,
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wim-
ple, and play,
As waters in elfinland singing to fay,
The fairies entrancing as rivulets may,
And rivulets will, so fairy folks say,
With witcheries weird of the gambolings
gay,
And cadences fine and melod'ies sweet,
And fit where elite of the fairy folk meet,
With honors the princes of elfland to
greet,
Ye waves from Wahconah through thick-
ets that flow,
And charm to their sweetness the wild
flowers that grow—
What numbers, bright waters, your
music can tell,

Thus witching through wildness and dul-
cet in dell!
Sweet waters! bright waters, that charm-
ingly sing
Of Dalton, the jewel of Berkshire the
king!

Ye waters, that winding from Windsor
away,
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wim-
ple and say
As, bright over gravel of gold and of
gray,
Ye chant in high music while charmingly
gay—
“Thou listening entranced o’er the
musical wave,
To honor the music, O mortal, be brave;
Be more than the mood that comes of
mere charm;
The tracement of sweetness is cause for
alarm—”

Ye waters inspiring the valiant until,
Grown godlike from heeding the song of
a rill,
They honor in action the truth of the
song
That sparkles and warbles their life ways
along—
What seer hath the vision, ye waves, to
divine
The wealth of your wisdom, ye waters
benign!

Ye brooks from Katahdin and streamlets
that flow
Where airs from Monadnock inspire them
to go;
Ye waters that sing in Otsego and shine
Reflecting the love of the spirit benign;
Ye brooks to Itasca that sing through the
plains,
Entrancing the vastness with charm of
your strains;

Ye waters the depths of wild canyons
that dare,
And calmly the truth to the mountains
declare—
Wherever all over the Northland ye
sing,
From heaven, bright waters, your music
ye bring!

Ye waters of Northland, that carol like
this,
O warble forever to Northland your
bliss!
And waft ye, fleet zephyrs, to every
strand
This music of gladness, this joy of our
land!
And, say, O ye zephyrs, who chant with
the tide
Of Tiber, or Danube, or Severn, or Clyde,
And waves of the musical waters that
pour

Enchantment to every inland and shore,
And thus have been singing through all
 of the years,
Enhancement of gladness and comfort of
 tears—
Say, zephyrs, wherever your courses ye
 wing,
If brighter than waters in Northland that
 sing,
If brighter ye find a wave in the world,
If lovelier the waters in Eden that
 purred!

II.

WHERE Mountain Monadnock,
 majestic in might
And infinite leisure, rose grand in his
 height,
And angels came heralds from heaven
 to bring

The best of May mornings to gladden the
spring,
And waters from beechen grove sparkled
whose wave
That charm to the hours of the bright
morning gave
Which wakens the birds to their cheeriest
tune
And Mayfields to green to the brightness
of June—
There, forth from the home of her hum-
ble life sweet,
A maiden went singing the morning to
greet,
And, tranced by the resonant waters that
sang
Till echoing distances joyfully rang,
She waited in wonder and awe at the
song
The waters were warbling that sparkled
along,
While Mountain Monadnock, rejoicing
in might,

From foothills to summit beamed forth
his delight.

And rapt o'er the scene of that morning
of May

The maiden entranced heard the waters
to say :

“Thy motto be duty, thy jewel be truth ;
And wisdom prize ever as prizing in
youth ;

And love, which to many but sorrow
doth bring,

Shall be thy good angel to cheer thee to
sing

Beyond the high music of joyfulest stream
That ever charmed poet to tunefulest
theme.

“Go ask of thy mother what message I
said

When hither her thoughtfulest saunter-
ing led,

And breathing the hope of a treasure to
be,

She went and months later came speak-
ing of thee,

With joy and the graces of motherhood
came,

Discoursing of thee and telling thy name.

Bright seasons have blossomed and blos-
somed again,

And cometh the maiden where matron
came then.

That message, well heeded by matron, I
read

In traits of the maiden, who surely will
heed

The counsel, when matron shall tenderly
tell

The message and ask her to honor it
well."

The summers that came and the summers
that went

To girlhood the graces of womanhood
lent:

And lovingly loitering there by the
stream,
Entranced o'er the ripple, and dimple,
and gleam,
Two whispered the message the matron
had told,
The words that she heard of the river of
old.
And, each ripple a song and each dimple
a gem,
The waters repeated the message to
them—
That kindness of each to the other
would give
To offspring best traits of each other and
live
In habitudes high of childhood, to tell
Their wooing was wisdom, their mating
was well.
Prenatal inclining to goodness, thus
given!
Bestowing, ere breath, the impulse for
heaven!

And later with infancy smiling they
came ;
And followed another who listened to
name
The father and mother breathed forth in
their joy
And raised, at their bidding, to brow of
a boy
Bright drops of the rivulet's musical
wave,
To honor the message those waters once
gave.
Then, looking in faith to the blue of the
sky,
Each reverently prayed to the Gracious
on high ;
And the birds and the zephyrs united in
song
With voice of the waters that caroled
along—
A song that was prayer for and thanks
for the joy

Prefigured in crystal drops, there, for
the boy;
And Mountain Monadnock, beholding the
rite,
In sweetness and majesty glowed with
delight.

III.

WHERE singing to mountains its
resonant song
A brook from a beechen grove caroled
along,
In chime with the robins, reflecting their
bowers,
Inspiring the sunbeams to sweeten the
flowers,

And rippling in time of the march of the
hours
Of a morning the best that the skies
could attune
And send from Elysium to gladden a
June—
There fresh from the meads where the
buttercups grew,
There free as the birds from the bloom-
fields that flew,
There joyously singing child songs that
he knew,
There charming as nature, and artless
and true,
There bright on the morn of that June
day of joy,
There, blithe with the breath of his
blisses, a boy,
Impelled by the pulses prophetic of man,
In step with the waves of the rivulet ran.
Then, halting in rapture, delighted to
scan

The waves of the beautiful streamlet
that sang
Until with the carol the distances rang,
He tarried, entranced and held in high
mood,
To muse on the song of the musical flood!

And this was the song that the rivulet
sung
With its liquid lip and its silver tongue:
“In the freedom of childhood, O child-
hood, rejoice;
Here's health to thy being and charm to
thy voice!
The simple things love thou, as loving
them now;
The angels love these, and ever love
thou.
Wouldst be like the eagle? the rather the
dove be.

The lilies, the robins, the blue sky above
thee—
Love these and be like them and angels
will love thee,
While birds and the zephyrs shall make
it their choice
To copy in carols the charm of thy voice.

“If wisdom be thine and if virtue attend
thee
The blessings of heaven the Gracious will
send thee,
Commanding the best of His host to de-
fend thee,
Bright songsters entrancing their high
songs to sing thee,
Swift argosies gems from the far isles to
bring thee,
And airs the rare odors of east clime to
wing thee.

O pure as the breath of the flowers of the
wildwood,
Forever be true to the dreams of thy
childhood!
And angels and good men shall ever
rejoice
In the health of thy being and charm of
thy voice."

And this was the song that the rivulet
sung
With its liquid lip and its silver tongue.
And mountains responsive the cadences
gave
To zephyrs that, charmed with the song
of the wave,
The melodies far through the distances
told
To angels who came with their tuneful-
est gold,
The angels who listen attentive in heaven
For singing to mortals by rivulets given.

And catching the numbers they hasten
where gleam

The resonant waves of the musical stream,
And study its music, to heighten the worth
Of songs they have learned in the land
of their birth.

And, trying the measures in chime with
the lay

The robins are singing in praise of the
day,

They chant the blent music for cheer
unto men

And soar away singing to heaven again.

Of excellent birth was the boy by the
wave

That joy to the hours of the June morn-
ing gave.

Again there he listened, and this was
the song

The waters were chanting that sparkled
along:

“Who love thee will tell thee of words
that I said
When hither good angels their saunter-
ing led,
And tell thee, bright one of the fortunate
birth,
What greatly shall heighten thy joy and
thy worth
And make thy good fortune a blessing to
earth—
A story they learned from pages they
read
Till deep of its meaning their spirits had
fed,
His story whose sacrifice charms away
fears,
And brightens the glory of all of the
years!”

“That story, ye waters, my father has
told

And bade me to prize it more precious
 than gold—
The sheep and the shepherds at night on
 the plains,
The angels high chanting their heavenly
 strains,
The child in the manger, the men from
 afar,
And that beautiful, beautiful, wonderful
 star!"

"O pure as the breath of the flowers of
 the wildwood,
Love ever the idyl that came to thy
 childhood!
And cherish the dreaming it gave unto
 thee.
For fancies of childhood, though fancies
 they be,
Have truth from that country away over
 sea.

Bright dreams of pure childhood, ideals
from heaven !
The brightest of blessings that mortals
are given !
O pure as the breath of the flowers of the
wildwood,
Keep sacred the idyl that came to thy
childhood.
High born as thou art, thine heritage
prize,
As steward of blessings bestowed from
the skies.
O given from heaven that excellent worth,
The instincts and temper of fortunate
birth,
Not vain of thy goodness, help those who
have less,
And be thine ambition to live but to bless ;
Lift up the downfallen and lead to that
One
Who knoweth how sadly some lives are
begun,

Who pities their erring and knoweth
each frame
And points from their woes to the power
of His name."

The words of the brook to the boy by
the wave
Awake to the wisdom its resonance gave
Were heard and remembered by angels
on high
And chanted to sweeten the songs of the
sky!
There, greeting the glad one whose June
day of joy
Was bright with the hope and the bliss
of a boy,
There, sweet in the dawn of some June
day of heaven,
Shall angels enchant him with canticles
given
Where singing to mountains its resonant
song
A brook from a breechen grove caroled
along!

THE EQUAL LOT.

WITH equal hand, impartial Heaven
Bestows on all, the blessings
given
To cheer the earth.

If birds that bless the morns of spring
Alone at regal courts would sing,
We might complain.

But everywhere, from hill to shore,
The joyous warblers artless pour
Their songs for all.

As grateful thine anemones
And all the perfumed potencies
Thy rose exhales

As odors they of kingly kind,
Empurpled in a palace, find
 The flowers to yield

That grow by royal gardener dressed,
And bloom with smiles of princess
 blessed,
 On sacred days.

Nor sweeter sound than you or I,
Hears king or Croesus, walking by
 The purling brook;

Nor, navied in their gilded boats,
Than we embarked in common floats,
 More restful plash

Of wave; nor surer they to ride
In safety to the haven side
 Of waters sailed.

Nor king than we has sweeter hymn
Of Zephyr; nor doth Sunset limn
Diviner west

For king, with hues from heavenly fount;
Nor nearer is the royal count
Of stars than thine

To His who outlined nature's plan
And reared the astral arch, to span
The universe!

AMONG THE TREES.

WHERE nature reigns distinctions
fade
That pride may bring to grove and glade,
To flaunt them there.

Rank has no sway at nature's court,
And fame is there of small import,
And pelf is scorned.

Impartially, when vernal breath
Proclaims the winter's reign of death
Is at its end,

The maple buds portend the June,
Whose leaves shall cool the torrid noon
Of summer time.

To thee as kindly welcome wave
The elms as unto prince they gave
Who fared that way.

And wild and tender harmony
The pensive pines address to thee
As unto all,

And breathe balsamic airs of health,
Uncaring for their rank and wealth
Who seek the boon.

The quiet beauty of the beech
To thee, as unto all, will teach,
If thou wilt learn,

The loveliness of real worth,
Whatever station in the earth
The worthy have.

To thee as grand the oaks that hold
Discourse with crags of mountain bold,
Anent the storms,

As unto royalty they seem ;
And for thine eyes as brightly gleam
The autumn woods

As for the monarch who desires
To imitate their gorgeous fires
On robes he wears,

But finds that futile is the sleight
Of kings to deck themselves as bright
As nature shines !

Contrasting with the snowy lands,
As sombre-hued the hemlock stands,
To symbolize

Thy grief, as though the dark, cold green,
Sighing, bemoaned with northland queen,
Her consort dead.

And when, again, the trees, in bloom,
Dispel the thoughts of death and doom,
And hope inspire,

Thou canst the graceful tasseling
That decks the birchen boughs of spring
As well enjoy

Uncrowned, untitled and unknown,
As though instated on a throne
Of kingly power.

THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

NATURE rebukes presumptuous men,
And yet invites the constant ken
Of reverent souls.

And still the words the Master saith,
Who came of old from Nazareth,
Nature repeats:

Consider thou the lilies well,
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell
Their coloring,

And canst the processes divine
Wherein the primal hues combine
That beauty give,

And tell the fragrances that meet
To make those rarest odors sweet
That lilies shed.

Consider thou the lilies well,
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell
What lilies are—

Perfection of the alchemies
Wherein the chemists of the skies
Have wrought their best!

And lilies not alone meant He
Who taught, on hills of Galilee,
Their loveliness.

But all the flowers that decked the field
For Him did sweetest pleasure yield,
And theme for thought.

And, eloquent above thy speech,
The flowers will still their ethics teach,
O man of earth,

As when, to prove His doctrine true,
In Palestine, the Teacher drew
From nature's store.

And, mortal, thou canst ever find,
If well instructed is thy mind
By heavenly power,

Such high renewal of thy might,
Such inspiration and delight,
And rest and peace,

In thinking on the works of God,
From tiny twig and velvet sod
To mountain peak,

As thou in thine ambitious schemes,
Fulfilled unto thy brightest dreams,
Canst never find!

THE BRIGHT BELIEF.

IF, sore discouraged and distressed,
With sorrows and with cares oppressed,
And sins confessed, and unconfessed,
And very ill,

The heart were struggling for relief,
And found no succor from its grief,
In buoyant trust and bright belief,—
How sad the earth!

But rules reverse of these obtain,
Nor mortal suffered yet in vain,
A trivial, nor the largest, pain,
Nor ever will.

So let the troubled take new heart,
Learn well of suffering the art,
Nor shun to share a generous part
In life's good griefs!

For none hath God the tender care
He ever shows for those who bear
Of life's worst woes abundant share,
Enduring well.

O! ever blessed bright belief!
That joy which cometh after grief,
Is sweetest joy, and is not brief,
Like other joys!

Inspiring, grand, and true, the thought,
That bliss by bitter trials bought,
Is nearer unto heaven than aught
On earth beside.

And there, beyond thine earthly ban,
The wisdom of His rounded plan
Who ordereth the ways of man
Shall be made plain;

And thou shalt know thy Father spoke,
When fates thy noblest planning broke
And gave to thee a cross and yoke—
That prove thy crown!

"GOOD-BYE, SWEET STARS."

SWEET stars, what high delight
Is vigil in the night
Your lustre maketh bright.
But now a hand unbars
The morn—good-bye, sweet stars.
Good-bye—nay, linger still;
Shed ye your radiance till
Once more I drink your glow;
Then stars, ye sweet stars, go,
If go, sweet stars, ye must.
And, bright, sweet stars, I trust
Your vows to come again;
And then, dear stars, and then!

But now a hand unbars
 The morn—good-bye, sweet stars!
 Yet, stay, for stars are given
 To ken the truths of heaven—
 O stay, and teach that good,
 That high beatitude,
 The best of all belief,
 That joy succeeds to grief.
 O best of all good pain—
 Possession come from loss,
 And crown that follows cross!
 Despair! endeavor, hope!
 The slough—the heavenly cope!

When all the skies are dark,
 And there's no stellar spark
 To light the firmament
 With glow of Heaven's intent
 Of blessing unto man,
 Or even hint her plan—

The spirit can discern
Your radiant fervors burn,
In proof that, still, above
Abides Eternal Love.

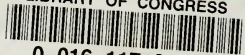
And, now, sweet stars, a hand,
As by magician's wand,
The gates of morn unbars!
Good-bye, sweet stars, sweet stars!
Ye go, and I may rest,
With dreamless slumber blest,
A few brief hours of morn.
And then, where flowers adorn
The meadows and the hills,
I'll join the birds and rills,
To sing, ye stars, your praise—
Accept, ye, then, the lays.
For ye can hear, I ween,
And see, when all unseen
And all unheard—when day
Hath sent ye far away.

And when again ye shine,
Teach me the hand divine
That now the morn unbars—
Good-bye, sweet stars, sweet stars!

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